Volume LVII CHICAGO, MARCH 1, 1906 Number 1

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

ROSSVILLE FARMERS OBJECT!

We, the undersigned farmers living adjacent to Rossville, Ill., and who are interested in the growth of the town, as our home town, do herewith petition the merchants and citizens of that village to prevent the return of the saloon to Rossville next spring.

We object to the saloon in Rossville for the great number of drunken men it creates, and who recklessly drive over the country roads at night, a menace to all peaceable citizens on the roads, and a source of fear to our wives and children when left at home alone.

We object to the saloon because with the great scarcity of farm labor we are often compelled to employ intemperate men, and the presence of the saloon in Rossville then becomes a matter of serious menace and great expense to us.

We object to the saloon because we believe it fosters and encourages lawlessness, and it is certainly not a pleasing sight for our wives and children when they come to town.

We object to the saloon because we believe it increases our taxes in township and county.

We object to the saloon because we know that the argument used in its favor, that it brings us to town oftener and from greater distances is a libel upon our good sense, morality and ability to resist temptation.

With no intention whatever to coerce, but with a feeling that our opinion should rightly influence public sentiment in our home town, we respectfully affix our signatures.

—*Two Hundred and Fifty Names Affixed.*

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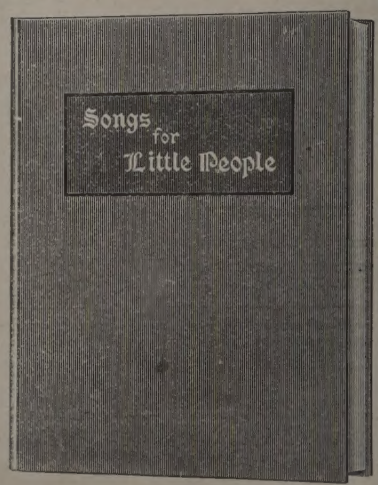

The Pilgrim Press 175 Wabash Avenue CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVII | THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1906 | NUMBER 1

DEATH SONG.

Lay me down beneaf de willers in de grass,
Whah de branch'll go a-singin' as it pass;
An, w'en I's a-layin' low,
I kin hyeah it as it go,
Singin', "Sleep, my honey, tek yo' res' at las'."

Lay me nigh to whah hit meks a little pool,
An' de watah stan's so quiet lak and cool;
Whah de little birds in spring
Ust to come an' drink an' sing,
An' de chillen waded on dey way to school.

Let me settle, we'en my shouldahs draps dey load
Nigh enough to hyeah do noises in de road;
Fu' I t'ink de las' long res'
Gwine to soothe my sperrit bes'
Ef I's layin' 'mong de t'ings I's allus knowed.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

We print on our first page this week the protest of the farmers living adjacent to an Illinois railway station. Rossville represents ten thousand towns in the United States that try to "draw trade" and to win prosperity by being lenient to the saloonkeeper and encouraging his business. The farmers of the United States have been accused either of ignorance or of stolidity towards economic problems. Perhaps the two hundred and fifty farmers doing business at Rossville may set other farmers a-thinking. With this hope, we give their protest prominence.

President Roosevelt has done the right thing in calling attention to the famine situation in northern Japan where, he informs us, thousands of persons are on the verge of starvation. He further says: "This is a calamity such as might befall any country; nations like men should stand ever ready to aid each other in distress, and I appeal to the American people to help from their abundance their suffering fellowmen of the great and friendly nation of Japan." The benefactions are to be distributed by the Japanese Red Cross, which is working in connection with the American National Red Cross association. Orson Smith, of the Merchants' Loan & Trust Company, Chicago, is authorized to receive contributions from the west.

We print at the top of our first page a swan song of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, he who burst the "invidious bars of circumstance," the double bars of poverty and of race prejudice. A man may win fortune but he cannot change the complexion of his skin. This colored boy who began chanting his songs while attending hotel bell and elevator, made for himself a sure place in American literature and then passed on to premature death. Several poets with white skins have dealt with more or less success with the dialect of the plantation, but here is a child of the enslaved, not despising his inheritance but counting grandmother speech into rhythmic numbers. His lyrics go to the heart and that heart that is most cultivated and most sensitive will love them the most.

We are glad that our associate, Mr. Thorp, has spoken a sane word in this week's Watch Tower concerning the crime wave in Chicago. The hysterical tendency of ministers of religion is very much to be deplored. It is a just foundation for the lack of public confidence in their leadership. The cheap and false logic of the revival method when extended into civic affairs promptly reveals its impotency and unfairness. As our associate shows, things are always bad enough, but anti-crime spasms and the periodic shriek for reform instead of careful, academic study and persistent application to the elevation of politics and the education of the voter, avail but little. Unquestionably the city press, the pulpit, the enemies of municipal ownership, whether they be so by conviction or by selfish interests, just now have an inspiration more or less unconscious to discredit the administration of one whose honesty but few people doubt and whose earnestness and singlemindedness of the issues which called him to the mayor's chair should challenge admiration instead of contempt even on the part of those who differ from him.

The March habit is thoroughly fixed upon the Senior Editor of UNITY, and before these lines are in type he will be in southland. Next Sunday will be spent in New Orleans, thence to Montgomery, Atlanta, Knoxville and away towards the Carolinas. Ordinarily this flight has been justified by climatic reasons, but failing to develop a sore throat as an adequate excuse, he goes anyhow, because a sore throat was expected. He goes with a light heart, knowing that UNITY is in good hands and that the Abraham Lincoln Centre, the home of UNITY, has received the final touch of the mechanic. It is finished from basement to upper story, and as soon as accounts can be audited and certain assets realized, all paid for at a cost of a little over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars without the land, for which forty-seven thousand five hundred dollars additional was paid. With increasing confidence it can be announced that, like Ivory soap, "it floats." It works, and every inch of space is already occupied or spoken for. The gymnasium, domestic science and manual training rooms are still waiting for final installation. Perhaps the busy people who have these interests so dear to their hearts will work all the

better with the Senior Editor of UNITY out of the way for a month. As opportunity offers, occasional messages from sunny-land may reach the readers of UNITY. But a truce to care and for a month defiance to the only devil that has harried him for twenty-eight continuous years—the printer's devil. With this issue UNITY begins its twenty-ninth year and fifty-seventh volume.

Affluent as are the resources of our day, easy as many people find it to "make money," a phrase which in itself carries a fatal economic fallacy, it is true now as always that freedom from financial anxiety and the much desired provision for a rainy day comes not through "money-making" but through money-saving, economy—not enterprise. The simple life is a surer road to independence than are speculative enterprise or commercial success. A Kansas economist has gone into the costliness of the four buttons on a man's sleeve, which serve neither the purpose of ornamentation nor use. Giving to the six hundred thousand men in Kansas an average of two coats apiece, it requires four hundred thousand dozen sleeve buttons. At twenty cents a dozen, it turns out that Kansas men alone are carrying an investment of eighty thousand dollars' worth of buttons, which he puts down as a conservative estimate for that which "has no use on earth or in the sky." And still there are the economic philosophers who satisfy their consciences on the plea that it gives work to the "poor laboring men," business to the railroads and keeps money in circulation. Let him who can, read wisely this parable of the buttons.

We have intentionally delayed writing any formal welcome to the new names that have been appearing during the last months in our editorial list and the new features in UNITY incident thereto, because we prefer to let our new allies first reveal their presence in the new features and the general increased vigor in our columns. But it affords us great pleasure at this time to give a more formal introduction to our new associates who come into the UNITY band, not for spectacular or strategic, but for co-operative purposes.

In alphabetical order, first comes Rev. Theodore Bacon, who belongs to the illustrious Bacon family so identified with Yale University. He is a brother of Benjamin Wisner Bacon, Professor of New Testament Exegesis in Yale Divinity School, himself pastor of the Congregational church of Flint, Michigan.

James A. Blaisdell, Professor of Sacred Literature in Beloit College and college librarian, son of J. J. Blaisdell of blessed memory, who for so many years was an important factor in the life of Beloit College and a conspicuous leader among the Congregationalists of Wisconsin. Professor Blaisdell is particularly fitted by taste, by culture and by opportunity to strengthen our Study Table Department, to which he will be a special contributor.

Robert C. Denison is the progressive pastor of the First Congregational church of Janesville, Wisconsin, a man who has deservedly inherited much of the material that once formed the All Souls church of Janesville, and he is now the spokesman for liberal thought and religion in that city.

Quincy L. Dowd, now pastor of the Congregational church of Roscoe, Illinois, is well known to many of our Chicago readers as the genial leader of the village church of Winnetka. He is a reading parson, a judge of good books and interested in the civic development of religion.

Professors Charles R. Henderson and Albion W. Small have always been with us, ever ready to help as opportunity offered, and their names among our contributors is simply acknowledging an existing condition.

Willard B. Thorp and E. P. Tuller are ministerial neighbors of UNITY. The former is pastor of the South Congregational church; the latter of the Memorial Baptist church; both churches "within a stone's throw" of the Lincoln Centre, with which they are in close touch and in active sympathy. Their frequent visits to the sanctum give fraternal joy as well as mental stimulus and spiritual companionship.

F. N. Riale is pastor of the Tenth Presbyterian church of Chicago, recently pastor of a prominent church of Cleveland, Ohio, a Harvard College graduate who has specialized on comparative religion lines, and his contributions to UNITY will reflect his favorite studies, his broad sympathies and his large hopes.

Lastly, Eugene G. Updike may well be considered pastor of the Cathedral church of Congregationalism in Wisconsin. Situated as it is at the capital city of Madison, it gives him in a peculiar sense a state audience.

We are indebted for this new relay of workers to the skilled as well as hearty activities of C. A. Osborne, Field Secretary of the Congress, whose desk and that of his stenographer are busy additions to the UNITY office. The Congress Department in UNITY is under his special charge and is filling a long felt want and is already meeting with cordial recognition. The Watch Tower, also erected by his energy, is the special field in which Messrs. Bacon, Riale, Thorp and Tuller rotate.

With this word of formal introduction let the UNITY congregation rise and give the brethren the welcoming salute.

Have We No Responsibility?

The letter of Secretary Root to Representative Denby, of Michigan, in response to the inquiry as to what could be done concerning the affairs in the Congo Free State, given to the public last week, is one that will try the patience of the humane and which seems to ill become the strenuous aggressiveness and aggressive directness of the administration of President Roosevelt. It is always easy to take shelter behind diplomatic etiquette, and to say "it is none of our business." The Secretary of State has probably fairly stated the technical difficulties. Doubtless there is here an opportunity of giving offense not only to the King of Belgium, who has arrogated to himself the

absolute powers of oriental despotism, but also other "Powers" who are assuming the right to control "inferior" races with the long arm. But a republic in its very nature has the non-diplomatic duty of opposing tyrants and of arraying itself on the side of the more helpless. Nations no more than individuals can with impunity excuse themselves from extending a saving hand to the drowning or help extinguish the devastating fire that is consuming the lives and property of fellow beings, on the score that they may have "no official announcement" of the same; that the "information comes second hand," which seems to be the excuse of Secretary Root. Who would justify the individual whose sense of propriety will not allow him to interfere with the activities of the highway robber because it may hurt his feelings and because he has not been properly introduced?

The old argument of the Secretary of State is, to our mind, flimsy if not cowardly. What if Leopold's feelings should be hurt and the Belgians feel indignant? What are our naval ships and armies for if they are not to maintain our ethical dignity and defend our moral right of protest in this direction?

Unfortunately the real inspiration of Secretary Root's position is perhaps unconsciously revealed in the last paragraph of his letter. It runs thus:

"If the United States had happened to possess in darkest Africa a territory five times as great and populous as the Philippines, we, too, might find good government difficult, and come in for our share of just or unjust criticism. No such responsibility falls upon us. That pertains to the powers who have assumed control and undertaken by mutual agreement to regulate its exercise."

Is it the mote in our own eye that disables us from seeing the beam in the neighbor's eye? It is not necessary to increase the territory or the population of the Philippines five times. Already a reproach hangs over us so heavily that no wonder we hesitate to speak. A friend who has studied the situation in the Philippines first hand writes us:

"Reconcentration camps are still inexistence in the Philippines. I know of one American who bragged that he had killed eleven natives with his own hands within the last year. The winter overcoats and heavy flannels taken by the 13th infantry on their recent embarkation meant China, where we can have no possible excuse for going. When the Chinese called me 'white devil' I did not blame them. They might have better expressed their feelings had they called me 'white Christian devil.' I trust the petition circulated here and in England will cause Leopold to cease his cruelty, but if he tells us to 'cast the mote from our own eye' he will be justified. A petition or petitions lately presented to our congress by Filipinos would make you feel ashamed, as I do, that they must beg and beg for their rights, while we let the trusts and money interests manipulate legislation for them as to make a profit. I am so ashamed of our own action that I have not the face to ask our government to interfere with the fell work of Leopold."

Notwithstanding the agnosticism of the State Department at Washington, the people of the United States are persuaded that the atrocities perpetrated are of such a nature that whatever diplomatic relations or lack of diplomatic relations may have existed in the past, it is the duty of those in authority at least to seek investigation, either individual or in co-operation with other Powers. When the investigation is refused, then will be time enough to ask, "What next"? If permitted, then the Department will have first-hand information.

Acting on this conviction, the congregation of All Souls church, Chicago, last Sunday at the close of the sermon unanimously adopted the following preamble and resolutions. We hope many congregations will reach after the same result in this or some other way.

WHEREAS, The Congo Free State, so-called, is the field of indescribable horror, and the scene of unutterable human misery; and,

WHEREAS, This misery and horror is being inflicted upon a weaker people through the greed and malice of a stronger; and,

WHEREAS, The government of the United States was a party to the international agreement under which the Congo Free State was established, it cannot evade the responsibility for the subsequent fate of those who were forced to exchange the relative amenities of barbarism for the atrocities of so-called civilization, and is, under the law of partnership, responsible for slavery, mutilation, outrage and murder.

Therefore, We, as American citizens, ask of our government, through our president, house of representatives, and our senate, that we be no longer disgraced by complicity in an abhorrent crime which we believe can be stopped by a mere offer to co-operate with decent people and decent rulers, and which ought to be stopped with or without such coöperation.

A copy of the resolutions was ordered sent to the president, the house of representatives, and the senate of the United States. The committee appointed the week previous was composed of William Kent, Dr. G. F. Shears, and Mrs. J. W. Hiner.

The Newspaper Pulpit

Much is being said derogatory to the moral and religious influence of the daily paper, but a glance at the Preachers' Page in the Monday morning issue of one of these suspected papers is reassuring. For instance, there is abundant evidence that last Sunday the Chicago city pulpit gave forth no uncertain sound on many issues, and that their messages in fragments were passed along on Monday morning to a large number whose pews were vacant on Sunday.

DR. HIRSCH discussing "The Evils of Excessive Wealth," said among other things:

"Poverty is a burden. Biting poverty is fatal to the development of soul and character, but the human being who is neither poor nor rich, who has felt the sting of want enough to spur him on to healthy effort, but who had not enough of riches to undermine his character, is the one who lives the ideal human life. The road of the poor is difficult. They become embittered. They are exposed to the peril of trespassing against the name of God, of breaking the law that protects property, of breaking the law that each one has a right to his own. For the rich the way is smoother. Under circumstances that are easy it is not hard to be clean of heart.

"But poverty is less dangerous than excessive wealth. Mythology holds poverty as a more fertile mother of greatness than wealth. While poverty has its great disadvantages, its dangers, yet it is a powerful stimulant to character. Jesus was born in a stable. His cradle was a manger. His companions were inmates of the barn. Because of his lowly birth he always felt an infinitely close connection for the poor and his teachings always expressed an infinitely strong love for the poor. Buddha discarded his royal garments and donned the beggar's rags before he became the Messiah of the teeming millions of India. Abraham Lincoln, the great emancipator, rose from the ranks of the poor, urged on by the stimulus of poverty to the pinnacle where his memory rests today. In Jewish history the same thought occurs again and again. Look over its pages and you will find that the greatest Jews were sons of poverty.

* * * * * * * *

"Transmitted wealth results inevitably in moral weakness, moral supineness. It creates a false sense of superiority which plants the seed of resentment in the hearts of the poor. This false superiority is seen most strikingly in the children of the rich, who consider all who have not wealth beneath them.

This supercilious cynicism of the gilded youth, who could not earn $10 a week if he were thrown on his own resources, is the great menacing shadow which is hanging over our republican government."

Rev. A. K. DuBlois, pastor of the First Baptist church, preaching on "Our Next Door Neighbor," said:

"We need to cultivate the neighborly spirit. It means love and large-heartedness. The neighborly call, the friendly chat, the kindly deed, the brotherly word, the hearty greeting, are all old-fashioned and somewhat unfashionable things, but Chicago needs them more than telephones and rapid transit. I plead for the neighbor-helping, the neighbor-saving, the neighborly and friendly Christianity of tomorrow."

Rev. Willard B. Thorp, of the South Congregational church, discoursed on "The Christian and His Money," saying in part:

"Trades people cannot be blamed for cursing when they see their customers whirling past in newly purchased automobiles and paying no attention to their bills. The credit man of a big department store said to me the other day: 'The whole system of retail credits is a curse to the people. It is insidiously corrupting character. It is constantly tempting people to buy without counting the cost and knowing that they have the cash.' The system of running bills at stores is responsible for an immense amount of evil in the world, of hypocrisy on the part of the debtor who goes about flaunting finery he hasn't paid for and of bitterness and cynicism on the part of the tradesman, who often hardly dares present his bill for fear he may offend and lose his wealthy customer."

Rev. A. H. Stevens, of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, spoke on "Standing in the Open." He said:

"Sin is always secretive and never dares to stand in the open of honest daylight. In all the walks of life publicity is the enemy of evil. The politician, the financier, the moralist, who knows that his doings are to pass under review of other eyes, finds in this a powerful deterrent from doing that which cannot stand in the open. Men instinctively know that where there is an effort to conceal, to disguise, to cover up, there must be wrongdoing, that which the wrongdoers are not willing should be revealed to their fellows.

"Righteousness and truth stand in the open and challenge the attention of men and invite the most careful investigation."

Herbert S. Bigelow, of Cincinnati, speaking for the Ethical Culture Society in Chicago on "The Power of an Idea," said:

"The man without an idea stood in the way of progress and that he would rather be ahead of his time and stand ridicule for a time than to shake his fist at an advance movement and become the laughing stock of posterity."

Rev. Frank C. Bruner, of Oakwood Union church, found in Paul's Hymn of Love:

"This is a diamond in literature for expression in diction and warmth of spirit in molding character that has no parallel. 'Tis a song of love that grows with the increase of the century. It unfolds the constitution of God. Other things may die. No one will ever find love's grave. Empires will continue to crumble. The mountains, whose lofty peaks, white capped, have stood from creation's morning, long before man emerged from God, will topple to their fall. The stars so old, counted by Abraham, that look so fresh tonight, will shut their holy eyes in everlasting sleep. But this love will march on unwasted in its magnanimous career, untottering in its steps, and as bright as the face of God and as warm as the compassion of Jesus. Oh, love! Thou shalt flourish in immortal youth. Unhurt amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter and crash of worlds. Love never faileth."

The pastor of All Souls church said:

"Politics today needs to change its headquarters from the saloon to the church, so far as the church represents righteousness, as the saloon does represent dissipation and debauchery. The 7,000 saloon keepers exert a far more constructive influence in the politics of the city than do the 1,000 ministers and their thousands of direct officials. This is not because of the inferior quality of the ministry or the superior quality of the saloon keeper, but because of the fatal divorce between politics and religion. Good men are expected to make common cause in politics with men whom they would not introduce to their families, whom they would not invite to their homes and whose faces on the home walls would cause them to blush.

THE PULPIT

Nicodemus Coming to Jesus By Night

A SERMON BY WILLARD BROWN THORP.

"Now there was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews; the same came unto him by night." John iii. 1.

There is something in the nocturnal visit of that learned and influential Jew to the lodgings of the Galilean preacher, which peculiarly appeals to the imagination.

It was by night that he came. It may almost be said that the real life of the world is lived after nightfall. In the day men do what they have to do, what they are hired to do, what they are seen of men to do. It is after dark that men do what they want to do. Then they are free. They say, Where shall we go tonight? Then they can do things without being watched. They can stand and look up at the sky without people wondering about them. They can take a run under cover of the darkness without feeling that people are looking out of windows and wondering what they are running for. They can go and see someone and have a long talk without anybody's knowing about it. For great multitudes of people the night is the time when they come to the surface and breathe. Sometimes their very liberty is their destruction; sometimes it is the making of them. But that liberty is a part of God's plan for each of us. And he gives the night to all, just as he gives the day.

In that night long ago in Jerusalem the narrow streets were filled with people and the air was vocal with their talk. People were moving to and fro, each making his way whither his heart led him, some to scenes of revelry, some to secret rendezvous of shame. Among them moved the tall, commanding figure of a man muffled in a cloak. Nicodemus had closed his books and gone out into the night,—Nicodemus the scholar, professor in the great theological school at Jerusalem. He was giving courses in this and that, a course of lectures on the law, a course on the minor prophets. Young men came from far countries to take these courses under Nicodemus, plodding through them as young men plod through courses today, with the idea that when these were finished knowledge would be theirs. But the professor, who was giving these courses, who knew them all by heart,—was Knowledge his? No. He knew all about Amos and Isaiah and Deuteronomy, and all that the commentators had ever said about them; but still he was not satisfied. His soul was hungry for something more vital, his mind was eager for some message from the very center of all truth. "O for a man!" he murmured. "O for some teacher sent from God!" His wandering thoughts turned to the Galilean preacher who had lately come to Jerusalem. And in a moment he closed his books, extinguished the lamp, spoke to the servant, and went out into the night. He proceeded some distance through the main street, then turned into a side street, threaded a maze of narrow alleys, and knocked at a door. Presently a light was

seen within, the door opened, a question was answered in the affirmative, and he was shown across a courtyard, up a flight of steps, to the room occupied by the man Jesus, who was from Galilee.

Jesus had stayed in his room that night alone. He was almost a stranger in the city, and felt something of that loneliness in the midst of its multitudes, which so many have known. So he had stayed in his room that night, reading his Bible, thinking, holding converse in the quiet with that unseen Companion whom no man needs to go out of his room to find. Have you never stayed thus in your room, with a feeling that there was a reason for it,—that some one would come? So I think Jesus may have felt, sitting in his room until the knock, half-expected, came.

But first, before we witness their meeting, let us note one or two things about the manner in which this man Nicodemus sought out Jesus.

One thing I like about him is that he went straight to the man he wanted to know. He did not hesitate to go. He did not wait until some one happened to introduce him, or until a pretext arose. Life was too short for that.

Sometimes we feel that we should like to know a certain person. He has knowledge, experience, ideas that would be of great help to us. We read something about him, see something he has written or done. The man himself lives in the same city with us, but somehow we never happen to meet him. He does not know us. We have no special business we could mention. We do not feel like intruding upon him. Not so Nicodemus. He knew that the greatest souls are the most accessible, and are always glad to meet and know those who are interested in them, in their work, in their ideas. You can know any man in this city that you want to know,—you can make your way to him, find a place in his circle, have long personal talks with him. And such things are to be counted among the opportunities, the privileges of life. To have lived in Jerusalem in that day and not known Jesus, or only seen him at a distance,—that was to lose the opportunity of a lifetime. A young man coming into a city will do well to say, "There are certain men in this city who are supremely worth knowing,

And how beautifully accessible was Jesus! There was no antechamber, no clerk to whom you had to give your name and business in writing. He was right there, and you could go right in and sit down and talk with him. He so impressed people with that quality while he was upon earth that ever since men have felt the same,—that they could go straight to him in their thought and prayer, without any formality, without any need of introduction.

There is another thing about the manner of this man's going. He went to Jesus alone and had a private interview. He did not simply go into the edge of the crowd where he was preaching and watch him, and draw conclusions. Perhaps he had done that once or twice already. But he knew that you do not get quite the real man thus. In a way you get more than the real man,—you get him plus the audience and the occasion and the inspiration of the moment. You also get him minus something, an indefinable something that comes out only in private conversation. And Nicodemus wanted Jesus himself. So he went to him alone, at night, in the quiet of his room. And there their two souls stood face to face, the soul of Jesus and the soul of that man; and in that hour all of Jesus was for him!

So it was again at the well in Samaria, when great thoughts came pouring forth from that fountain of truth within him, and there was just one poor ignorant woman to gather them in. In that moment all of Jesus was for her. And it was more than she could bear. No wonder she ran! She filled her little pitcher, and ran to the town, saying, "Come, come! there is a great fountain of truth and goodness and salvation has broken loose out there by the well. I simply couldn't hold it. It's running to waste. Come on, all of you!" And so they came, bringing their pitchers to be filled with the water of life.

Well, so Nicodemus came to Jesus alone. And the finest souls know that the truest, perhaps the only real conversation is thus, between two alone. How foolish we are, when some one comes in with whom we want to talk, to feel that the whole family must be brought in, and all sit around and listen! The more there are the less of real consequence is said. Mary gets more of the one thing needful, because Martha is out in the kitchen preparing the meal. But Martha should have her turn later while Mary goes out to walk. Neither should try to sit listening while the other talks with the master. The impulse of the Samaritan woman to run and bring them all was good, but I notice that the really great things were said while she was there alone. After the villagers came, they were greatly impressed, but no word that he spoke has been handed down to us.

Well, so Nicodemus went to him alone. Have you ever been thus to Jesus,—sat down with those four gospels before you containing all that any man in the world knows about Jesus and what he said,—sat down with them and said, "Now what does this say to me? Here is a great soul giving himself for the helping and saving of men; and this is all that we know that he ever said; what does it say to me?" Even a book will talk to you,—and that's the way to read a book,—to ask it questions, your questions, and make it answer them. If it doesn't answer your questions, it isn't the book for you.

Have you ever been to Jesus in another way, alone, —in your private room—(and every person ought to have a private room, exclusively his own, subject to no invasion)—in your private room, I say, have you ever gone to him as to a living personal friend, one ever near us, one with us always,—and spoken to him though you could not hear him answer,—spoken again and again,—and believed that he was answering? Some people call that mysticism. You may call it what you will,—but be sure that you do not despise it.

Well, so Nicodemus came into the room, and closed the door, and sat down with Jesus. And now we must tell of the things they said.

There was only one subject for two such men to talk about in those days in Jerusalem. And that was the coming of the Messiah's kingdom, that glorious new era which the prophets for long had been heralding and which all men felt was soon to dawn.

Have you ever observed the resemblance between that age and the one in which we live? I think it is very remarkable. Are not the prophets today on every hand lifting up their voices and foretelling a new era in which society shall be reorganized, a new social order in which brotherhood shall be the law of business, and competition give way to co-operation, and the money-power give place to the people's power? Some think it is near at hand, and others that it is very far off; some think it will come peacefully and gradually, and some think it will come with a mighty explosion; and even as to what it is to be men are not able to agree. And yet the voices of the prophets are heard, and a great and growing expectation is forming itself in men's minds, especially in the minds of the poor and the oppressed, the thoughtful and studious, the dreamers and poets and idealists, —a coming day of deliverance. So Edward Bellamy, so Henry George, so Count Tolstoy, so many minor prophets, each in his own way. Is not this for us a messianic expectation? And there are John the Baptists, like Washington Gladden, summoning us to repent and make our hands clean and prepare the way of the Lord. But of a Messiah, a Lord's Anointed, to do this thing, we do not yet think or speak.

The parallel is an exceedingly interesting one, and will help us understand what Nicodemus had in mind when he came to Jesus. The kingdom, the kingdom, the new era for Israel,—that was in his mind.

And what did Jesus say to him?

He said a very unexpected thing. He turned everything upside down for him. He said, "The new era? —I think first, Nicodemus, we must have a new heart. The kingdom?—Never fear, the kingdom is coming all right, but the danger is that some of us will not have eyes to see it, and will have to be born again, of the water of cleansing and of the holy spirit of truth and love, and become simple-hearted, single-hearted as a little child, before we can see it." All this, it seems to me, is packed into that little sentence, "Except a man be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God." And side by side with it for interpretation we must put that other sentence which Mark and Luke have recorded, and which I take to be identical in meaning: "Except a man receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein."

And so Nicodemus, asking about a new era, about social and political deliverances, is told of something very different, of something that is needed within himself.

It is not often that a man can be as personal with another as Jesus was with Nicodemus. Sometimes we feel like being so. Sometimes we feel with perfect clearness that the trouble is within the man himself. He is a good man. He is working away with earnestness and zeal at something he deems to be exceedingly important. But he has a blind side. There are certain things he doesn't feel, doesn't see. Probably it is true of every one of us in some way. But to be blind to the things that Jesus felt and saw to be of great value, that is a serious thing. We see it sometimes in another, but we cannot often tell him what we see.

But the great souls have a certain license to approach other souls, a certain sureness of touch, a certain gift almost of divination, a certain power of revealing a man to himself. It was by virtue of that power that Jesus was able to put his finger on the very center of that man's life, and say, "My brother, —scholar, teacher of Israel, professor, doctor of divinity,—my brother, the trouble is with you. You need to be born again before you can see the kingdom that I see; for it is all about you, springing up on every hand. But you cannot see it, you do not belong to it, and will not, until in the stillness of your own soul there has been a new birth, as of a little child reaching out for truth and life and love."

It is a great privilege, the privilege of a lifetime, to have a great discerning soul speak to us as Jesus spoke to Nicodemus, putting his finger on the very center of our life with a completeness of comprehension that takes in all that we are and all that we are not yet. Before such a judgment a man stands revealed to himself, and can only say, "I thank you. How did you know me so? You have interpreted me to myself. Let us pray that this new thing may come to me."

So, I think, Nicodemus felt. Of course he said things, made replies, put on an appearance of argument. People always do that. But as Jesus went on with his discourse, leading up to those immortal words, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son,"—I cannot help feeling that the scales began to fall from the eyes of the scholar. I see him going home with a stillness in his heart, the stillness of a great peace. And as he looked up at the stars from the streets now silent and deserted, I think he must have known that the spirit of a little child was being born within him. I see him enter the door of his home, and stand before the study table with the books lying there under the extinguished lamp, and saying to himself, "They look very different to me now; and I know that in the morning the world to me will be a very different world."

Dear friends, what does this mean to us? Is there, perchance, some Nicodemus here? And will he not go this very hour to the quiet room where Jesus abides?

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in each clime as breath of flowers—
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

—*James T. Fields.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Field Secretary

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Religious Education Association

Perhaps the organization that comes nearest to the Congress of Religion, at least in its spirit and its ideals, is the one to which reference has been made very frequently in these columns and which was largely the creation of our gifted and lamented President Harper; we refer to the Religious Education Association which has just held its annual meeting in Cleveland, Ohio. Like all movements of inspirational and ideal character, this organization has had serious difficulty in convincing practical men and people of means that it had a work to do which demanded and justified large expenditures. The financial problem has been a serious but a very natural one. Men are slow to recognize the importance of anything but physical facts. When there comes a great revolution and physical agencies are transformed, new empires organized and old ones buried, then the world shudders or applauds. But when the spiritual forces are being put into operation that will one day issue in these physical facts, when men of moral insight and spiritual vision—the seers and sages of their day, are calling for men and equipment unto spiritual redemption and the liberty of the soul, then are there eyes that see not and ears that do not hear.

We are glad to believe that this splendid organization, which is chartered "to make religion more educational and public education more religious," has now come to better times and a more hopeful financial outlook. Our readers will be interested in the following report of the Cleveland meeting prepared by Dr. Stewart, which we clip from the *Congregationalist:*

The R. E. A. at Cleveland

BY PRES. GEORGE B. STEWART, D. D.

Auburn Theological Seminary.

Whatever may have been the considerations which led the Religious Education Association to substitute this year for its annual convention a conference of its officers, the gathering in Cleveland February 13-15 justified the change. Above sixty members from eleven states and one province were present. Bishop McDowell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as president of the association, and Dr. Frank K. Sanders, secretary of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, as president of its council, were influential in the deliberations and in shaping action. The hold this association has taken upon men prominent in religious work is evident in the fact that so many editors, pastors, college and seminary presidents and educators are willing to serve the association and at their own charges give three days to an informal conference about its work.

For the first time in its history, the association has practically met its expenses for the year, and has made a considerable reduction in its debt. This result was made possible largely through the generous response of Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick, of Chicago, to the request of President Harper, one of the last acts of his life, that she bear the expense of publishing the third volume of the proceedings, a handsome volume which has just appeared. The financial problem has been a serious one from the first, but it appears now that the association is near the solution of the problem. Its budget calls for $15,000 for next year's expenses and the balance of its debt, and the officers thought this budget will certainly be met.

The annual survey prepared by Prof. C. W. Votaw revealed encouraging progress in the departments of Christian Associations, secular schools and Sunday schools. General regret was expressed that the promise of progress in the Sunday school work, which the action of the Toronto Sunday School Convention on the Advanced Course of Lessons held out, has not been fulfilled in the Advanced Courses recently published by the lesson committee.

It was noted that the suspicion regarding the association which had existed in certain quarters has been dispelled, and that the association is coming into increasing favor with those who ought to see in it a fine agency for unifying the forces engaged in religious education. The loyalty and enthusiasm of its present membership is shown in the fact that less than ten per cent has failed to pay the dues.

There was the forward look, and the optimistic note was noticeable in all the addresses and informal discussions. It was recognized that the association had had the usual perils incident to new organizations, but it was felt by all that it is stronger today and more solidly knit together than ever before. It never gave so large and substantial promise of continued and increasing efficiency.

The deliberations were characterized by sobriety and sanity, and gave evidence that the direction of the affairs of the organization is in the hands of wise and conservative leaders. The original purpose of the association to stimulate religious education and to furnish a clearing house for those who in various organizations are engaged in this work was emphasized. No hint of rivalry with other agencies or of intrusion into their sphere of activity was heard throughout the three days. The religious note rather than the moral note, the importance of religious ethics above non-religious ethics or "mere ethics," the necessity for making education, even secular education, deeply and truly religious, were obviously prominent in the conference.

The policy adopted for the coming year included the maintenance of enlarged headquarters in Chicago, the development of the permanent exhibit at headquarters, the publication of an official journal of religious education, issued six times a year, the employment of a general secretary possessed of marked executive ability, the holding of a convention in February, 1907, and the development of state organizations and local guilds. Pres. William H. P. Faunce, of Brown University, is the president for the coming year, and Pres. Henry Churchill King, of Oberlin, is the new head of the executive board.

Song to the Bell in the Campanile of Ivan Veliky

Toll, thou mighty Moscow Bell;
Mighty news to nations tell.
Old things perish—toll their knell.
Toll, thou mighty Kremlin Bell.

Toll, thou far resounding Bell,
Toll the captive from his cell,
Toll for them that fainting fell,
Toll, thou mighty Moscow Bell.

Toll, thou hollow-booming Bell,
Strong is Wrong and 'stablisht well.
Stubborn are the forts of Hell;
Toll their fall, thou thunderous Bell.

Toll, with vast and bellowy swell,
Toll, thou mighty Kremlin Bell.
Long do men in darkness dwell;
Toll the dawn, O Moscow Bell.

—*William Watson.*

Take the little pleasures of life, watch the sunsets and the clouds, the shadows in the streets and the misty light over the great cities. These bring joy by the way, and thankfulness to our Heavenly Father.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Rate Bill in the Senate.

Popular interest centers in the fight for the passage of the Hepburn railway rate bill through the Senate. The President's latest move is to intimate that he will refrain from using executive influence to secure its passage. The railroads have centered their fight upon the insertion of a skilfully drawn amendment, providing for elaborate review by the courts of any rates established by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Senate committee, by a vote of 8 to 5, have reported the bill without amendment. Of the eight five were democrats, a fact which gives Senator Tillman, instead of Senator Dolliver the prestige of presenting the bill in the Senate and enables the Republican opponents of the bill to stigmatize it as a Democratic measure. The real battle will now be fought out on the floor of the Senate. Popular sentiment, needless to say, is thoroughly aroused in demanding the passage of the bill substantially as it came from the House.

"Pure Food" Bills.

The crusade against drugged proprietary medicines is giving added popular interest to the prospects of "pure food" legislation by Congress. Like many new types of federal legislation, it comes under the broad aegis of interstate commerce. A powerful and unscrupulous lobby at Washington is representing the liquor and proprietary interests. The Heyburn bill, a moderate measure, has passed the Senate with but four dissenting votes. The House committee is preparing to meet it with the far more drastic Hepburn bill.

Chicago's "Crime Wave."

People who read the Chicago newspapers should not take altogether at their face value stories of a "crime wave" in that city. A "crime wave" effect can be produced at any time, after one or two sensational outrages, by putting under startling headlines things which are constantly occurring. There has been no time in years when an enterprising city editor could not fill columns with descriptions of "shameless orgies" by simply sending out reporters to certain quarters of the city. We have no desire to make light of the seriousness of conditions in Chicago in respect to vice and crime. These conditions, however, are of long standing, and their causes are deep-seated. They are not going to be materially affected by spasmodic legislation or law enforcement. They call for a careful and first-hand study of social conditions, not by reporters, but by specialists. There can be no question that a large part of the virtuous indignation of the Chicago press at the present moment is due to a desire to discredit Mayor Dunne's administration. And the animus of the opposition to Mayor Dunne is due to the fact that he is standing uncompromisingly on the side of municipalization of all public franchises. That is the real battle that is being waged in Chicago.

Chicago's Telephone Situation.

At first sight 85-cent gas in Chicago looked like a victory for the people, but the eagerness with which the gas company accepted the terms indicates that it was another of those cases where the franchise corporation breathed a big sigh of relief. The telephone company is now having its turn, being halted in the midst of proposals to increase its already exorbitant rates by a court decision which renders its Chicago franchises practically valueless. The Mayor is now demanding the payment of several hundred thousand dollars owed to the city, and is receiving propositions from competing companies. The company's lawyers are lying awake nights to find a way out of the difficulty, for at present it looks as if the cards were all in the hands of the city.

A Public-Spirited Act.

While we are telling about evil acts, why not tell about a good one? The notable fact in connection with the failure of the Bank of America (Chicago), a small institution, which, after a career of a few brief months, was found to be not only insolvent, but thoroughly rotten and fraudulent—was the public-spirited action of Mr. Clarence S. Darrow, a stockholder of the bank who had been active in discovering and exposing the character of its management. While other stockholders were sorrowing over their own losses and venting their indignation in steps to prosecute the men who had victimized them, Mr. Darrow was thinking of the people who had deposited some $25,000 of their savings in the institution. Thinking that some of them might have chosen that bank through the fact that his name was connected with it, he arranged to pay personally all the savings depositors, taking his chances of getting his money back eventually from the defunct institution. It is actions like this that will do more than any amount of exposure and punishment of iniquity to revive the spirit of high business honor in our country. All honor to Mr. Darrow, who, a man of no church, took in this matter an attitude which puts many of the righteous to shame.

Life Insurance.

The death of Former President John A. McCall, of the New York Life, as a result of the crushing blow of his public disgrace, is a part of the aftermath of the insurance investigation. The report of the Armstrong committee makes important recommendations for the reform of the business of life insurance. Among the things it would abolish are assessment companies, stock investments, syndicate transactions, political contributions, prizes, bonuses and loans to agents, rebates and non-participating policies. Among things called for are the standardization of policy-forms, the registration of lobbyists and legislative expenses and the adoption of a system by which policyholders may effectively participate in the election of officers. This committee of the New York legislature has certainly rendered memorable service to the entire country.

The Battle for Clean Politics.

Elections in Philadelphia and in Pittsburg indicate that the force of the great popular civic uprising is not yet spent. The brutal attack upon Mr. Raymond Robins in Chicago, apparently instigated by men whose political records he had been exposing, reveals the vindictive spirit of those whom the reform wave is dragging away from the public crib.

Railroad Legislation.

The wholesome effect upon legislation of the abolition of railroad passes is reflected in the vigorous movement now manifesting itself in many quarters to curtail some of the privileges heretofore extended to railroads. The demand for legislation requiring a two-cent passenger rate through all the eastern part of the country is exceedingly strong, Ohio taking the lead in this. Illinois is engaged in discovering evasions of taxes by the Illinois Central. The supreme court decision that a coal road selling its own coal at an abnormally low price is in effect granting a rebate to itself, is also of great importance in the progress of the work of subjugating the railroad corporations.

Religion in France.

The separation of the church and state by the new legislation in France creates an interesting situation, one which has not yet fully defined itself, but full of hope we must believe for the future of true religion in that country. Religion, relieved of the patronage of the state, will be thrown back upon its true support in the minds and hearts of the people, and we are confident that support will not be wanting in the hearts of the French people. The attitude of the Pope thus far is one of dignified forbearance, quite in keeping with his fine character.

Divorce Conference.

A conference of delegates from different states has been meeting in Washington, at the instance of Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, in the interest of uniform divorce legislation among the various states. The press reports would indicate that the conference was deflected somewhat into the discussion of divorce reform, than which few questions are apt to arouse more decisive and acrimonious debate. The whole subject is in the midst of an evolution, the end of which is not yet in sight. Meanwhile the best that can be done is for the states to agree not to afford convenient refuges for those who are seeking to evade the laws of the community where they reside.

Lawless Auto Drivers.

Chicago is having an energetic strife with lawless automobile drivers. Recklessness in driving is not smart but criminal and should be treated as such. The only law yet suggested which seems to be likely to reach such cases is one which shall forbid the issuing of licenses to machines capable of going more than a certain number of miles per hour.

Reforming the Senate.

Iowa is taking the initiative in calling an interstate conference to give voice to the demand for a constitutional amendment for the election of United States senators by popular vote. Thirty-one state legislatures have gone on record as in favor of the principle, and there can be little question that the proper amendment once submitted would be overwhelmingly adopted. The widespread prejudice against the present plutocratic complexion of the Senate gives a certain timeliness to the movement.

W. B. T.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Whoever wishes to be free, let him neither wish for anything nor avoid anything which depends on others; if he does not observe this rule he must be a slave.

MON.—For this is your duty to act well the part that is given to you; but to select the part, belongs to another.

TUES.—Remember that it is not he who reviles you or strikes you, who insults you, but it is your own opinion about these things as being insulting.

WED.—If any person was intending to put your body in the power of any man whom you fell in with on the way you would be vexed; but that you put your understanding in the power of any man whom you meet so that if he should revile you it is disturbed and troubled, are you not ashamed at this?

THURS.—Sheep do not vomit up their grass to show how much they have eaten, but when they have internally digested the pasture they produce externally wool and milk. Do you also refrain from showing your theorems to the uninstructed, but show the acts that come from their digestion.

FRI.—As you would not choose to sail in a large, decorated, gold-laden ship and be drowned, so do not choose to dwell in a large and costly house to be disturbed by cares.

SAT.—When we have been invited to a banquet we take what is set before us. But in the world we ask the gods for what they do not give, although the things are many which they have given. EPICTETUS.

Some Childhood Experiences of Jane Addams

I have been asked many times to recall, if possible, my first impulse or determination to live among poor people and I have always found myself at a loss for a reply. On the theory, however, that our genuine impulses may be traced to childish experiences, that one's bent may be tracked back to that No-Man's Land where character is formless, but, nevertheless, settling into definite lines of future development, I may be permitted to instance three experiences of possible significance.

One was at the age of six when I drove with my father on an errand through the poorer quarter of a neighboring town. Before that day I had always seen the little city of ten thousand people with the admiring eyes of a country child, and it had never occurred to me that all its streets were not as bewilderingly attractive as the one which contained the glittering toy shop and the confectioner. On that day I had my first sight of the poverty which implies squalor, and felt the curious distinction between the ruddy poverty of the country and that which even a small city presents in its shabbiest streets. I remember launching at my father the pertinent inquiry why people lived in such horrid little houses so close together, and I recall that after receiving his explanation I declared with much firmness when I grew up I should, of course, have a large house but that it would not be built among the other large houses but right in the midst of horrid little houses like these. He replied that it was a good idea, and he hoped I would keep to it.

I remember another occasion when as a little girl of eight years, arrayed in a new cloak, gorgeous beyond anything I had ever worn before, I stood before my father for his approval. I was much chagrined by his remark that it was a very pretty cloak, in fact, so much prettier than any cloak the other little girls in the Sunday-school had, that he would advise me to wear my old cloak which would keep me quite as warm, with the added advantage of not making the other little girls feel badly. I complied with the request but I fear without inner consent, and I was certainly quite without the joy of self-sacrifice as I walked soberly through the village street by the side of my counsellor. My mind was busy, however, with the old question eternally suggested by the "apparent inequalities of mankind." Only as we neared the church door did I venture to ask what could be done about it, receiving the reply that it might never be righted so far as clothes went, but that people could be equal in things that mattered much more than clothes, the affairs of education and religion, for instance, which we attended to when we went to school and church, and that it was very stupid to wear the sort of clothes that made it harder to have equality even there.

Another moment stands out clearly in my mind. When I was barely twelve years old coming into my father's room one morning, I found him sitting beside the fire with a newspaper in his hand looking very solemn, and upon my eager inquiry what had happened, he told me that Joseph Mazzini was dead. I had never even heard Mazzini's name, and after being told about him I was inclined to grow argumentative, asserting that my father did not know him, that he was not an American, and that I could not understand why we should be expected to feel badly about him. It is impossible to recall the conversation with the complete breakdown of my cheap arguments, but in the end I obtained that which I have ever regarded as a valuable possession, a sense of the genuine relationship which may exist between men who share large hopes and like desires, even though they differ in nationality, language and creed; that those things count for absolutely nothing between groups of men who are trying to abolish slavery in America or to throw off Hapsburg oppression in Italy. At any rate, I was heartily ashamed of my meager notion of patriotism and I came out of the room exhilarated with the consciousness that impersonal and international relations are actual facts and not mere phrases. I was filled with pride that I knew a man who held converse with great minds and who really sorrowed and rejoiced over happenings across the sea. I never recall these early conversations with my father nor a score of others like them but that there comes into my mind a line from Mrs. Browning in which a daughter describes her relations with her father,

> "He wrapt his little daughter in his large
> Man's doublet, careless did it fit or no."

Perhaps these early experiences laid that simple human foundation which is certainly essential for continuous living among the poor and may be connected with three propositions:

First, a genuine preference for residence in an industrial quarter to any other part of the city because it is interesting and makes the human appeal.

Second, a determination to equalize the opportunities for education and those best results of civilization upon which reasonable and goodly living rests, and which it is most unfair to make dependent upon economic position.

Third, a conviction, in the words of Canon Barnett, that the things that make men alike are finer and better than the things that keep them apart, and that these basic likenesses, if they are properly accentuated easily transcend the less essential differences of race, language, creed and tradition.—*From Fifteen Years of Hull House, by Jane Addams, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

There are few more desirable things than to study History with an earnest desire to profit thereby, in order to do better service in the time that now is.—*Roosevelt.*

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE
Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter

$2.00 PER ANNUM

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE SWADESHI MOVEMENT IN INDIA.—One of the most interesting sections in the presidential address of Mr. Gokahle at the recent meeting of the twenty-first Indian National Congress at Benares is that in which he defines and discusses this national, popular movement in British India, as the following excerpts will show:

"The true *Swadeshi* movement is both a patrotic and an economic movement. The idea of *Swadeshi* or 'one's own country' is one of the noblest conceptions that has ever stirred the heart of humanity. * * * The devotion to motherland, which is enshrined in the highest *Swadeshi*, is an influence so profound and so passionate that its very thought thrills and its actual touch lifts one out of one's self. India needs today above everything else that the gospel of this devotion should be preached to high and low, to prince and to peasant, in town and in hamlet, till the service of motherland becomes with us as overmastering a passion as it is in Japan. The *Swadeshi* movement as it is ordinarily undestood, presents one part of this gospel to the mass of our people in a form which brings it within their comprehension. It turns their thoughts to their country, accustoms them to the idea of voluntarily making some sacrifice for her sake, enables them to take an intelligent interest in her economic development, and teaches them the important lesson of co-operating with one another for a national end.

"The movement on its material side is an economic one; and though self-denying ordinances, extensively entered into, must serve a valuable economic purpose, namely, to ensure a ready consumption of such articles as are produced in the country and to furnish a perpetual stimulus to production by keeping the demand for indigenous things largely in excess of the supply, the difficulties that surround the question economically are so great that they require the co-operation of every available agency to surmount them. * * * The question of production is a question of capital, enterprise and skill, and in all these factors our deficiency at present is very great. Whoever can help in any one of these fields is, therefore, a worker in the *Swadeshi* cause and should be welcomed as such. Not by methods of exclusion, but by those of comprehension, not by insisting on every one working in the same part of the field, but by leaving each one free to select his own corner, by attracting to the cause all who are likely to help and not alienating any who are already with us, are the difficulties of the problem likely to be overcome.

"Take the question of cotton piece goods, of which we import at present over £22,000,000 worth a year. This is by far the heaviest item among our imports and our present *Swadeshi* agitation is directed mainly towards producing as much of these goods in our own country as possible. * * * So far as cotton fabrics are concerned, even strict free traders should have nothing to say against the encouragement which the *Swadeshi* movement seeks to give to their manufacture in India. In the first place, many of the usual objections that may be urged against a system of state protection do not apply to voluntary action on the part of consumers, such as the *Swadeshi* movement endeavors to promote. Moreover, the essence of free trade is that a commodity should be produced where the comparative cost of its production is the least, and that it should be consumed where its relative value is the highest; and if accidental circumstances have thwarted such an adjustment in a given case, any agency which seeks to overcome the impediment works in the end in the interests of true free trade. Now, every one will admit that with cheap labor and cotton at her own door, India enjoys exceptional advantages for the manufacture of cotton goods; and if the *Swadeshi* movement helps her to regain her natural position in this respect—a position which she once occupied but out of which she has been driven by an extraordinary combination of circumstances—the movement works not against but in furtherance of true free trade. Even at present the cotton industry in India is an important one. It is the largest industry after agriculture in the country. It is also the only one—agriculture excepted—in which the Indians themselves have a substantial share. It is represented by a paid-up capital of about 17 crores of rupees, or a little over £11,000,000, the number of mills being about 200, with 5,000,000 spindles and 50,000 power looms. In addition to this, there are, according to the census of 1901, about a quarter of a million persons engaged in hand-loom weaving in the country. Our mills consume nearly 60 per cent of the cotton produce of India and produce 58 crore lbs. of yarn. Of this quantity, Mr. Vithaldus tells us, about 23½ crore lbs. is exported to China and other foreign countries, about 13½ crores is used in our weaving mills, and about 19 crores is woven by hand-loom weavers, the remaining 2 crores going to the manufacture of rope and twine. In addition to this 3 crore lbs. of yarn is imported from the United Kingdom and is consumed by the hand-looms. The hand-loom industry of the country thus absorbs, in spite of its hard struggles, about 22 crore lbs. of yarn, or nearly double the quantity woven by power-looms, and this is a most interesting and significant fact. The yarn used by the weaving mills produces about 55 crores of yards of cloth, of which about 14 crore yards is exported to foreign countries and about 41 crores is left for consumption in the country. If we put down the production of the hand-looms at about 90 crore yards, we have about 130 crore yards as the quantity of *Swadeshi* cloth consumed at present in India.

"The quantity of piece goods imported from the United Kingdom and retained for use in the country is about 205 crore yards a year. Of the total cloth consumed, therefore, over one-third is at present *Swadeshi*. This is an encouraging feature of the situation. But the imported cloth is almost all superior in quality. * * * The Indian weaving mills are obliged to restrict themselves for the most part to weaving coarser cloth, owing to the inferior quality of cotton now grown in the country. It may be noted that even from existing cotton, hand-looms can, owing to their greater delicacy of handling the yarn, produce finer cloth than the power-looms. Fortunately, owing to the exertions of the Agricultural Department of the Bombay government—exertions for which it is entitled to the best thanks of the whole country—Egyptian cotton has just been successfully introduced into Sind, and this year a thousand bales of a quality equal to very good Egyptian has been produced. A much heavier crop is expected next year and there is no doubt that its cultivation will rapidly extend. The main difficulty in the way of our manufacturing the quality of cloth that is at present imported is one of capital."

The history and conditions of the cotton industry in India were still more fully treated by Babu Romah Chandra Datta in his opening address as president of the Benares Industrial Conference. Again we quote from *New India*, though not as fully as we would like:

"Among all the Indian industries of the eigteenth century, the textile industry was the most extensive; and the invention of the power-loom in England completed the ruin of that industry which a system of unfair tariff had begun. I do not wish to place before you elaborate statements today, but a few figures, showing the decline of our cotton manufactures in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, have a melancholy interest.

"The export of cotton piece goods from Calcutta to the United Kingdom was over 6,000 bales in 1801, over 14,000 bales in 1802, and over 13,000 bales in 1803; it never reached 1,000 bales after 1826. The export of the same goods from Calcutta to America was over 13,000 bales in 1801; it dwindles to less than 300 bales by 1829. Denmark took over 1,400 bales in 1800, but never took more than 150 bales after 1820. Portugal took nearly 10,000 bales in 1799, but never took over a thousand bales after 1825, and the exports to the Arabian and Persian gulfs, which rose to between 4,000 and 7,000 bales between 1810 and 1820, never exceeded 2,000 bales after 1825. The export of cotton piece goods from Calcutta to the different countries of the earth practically disappeared with the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and what was true of Calcutta was true of every other part of India.

It is needless to say that, while the export of cotton goods from India declined, the import of cotton goods into India from Europe rose by leaps and bounds. By 1858, which was

the year when the late Queen assumed the direct administration of India, the value of cotton goods imported had reached nearly £5,000,000. By 1877, which was the year when Her Gracious Majesty assumed the title of Empress, the value of the cotton goods imported to India had reached nearly £16,000,000. This steady increase in the import of cotton piece goods is often quoted as a mark of India's increasing prosperity, but is there any practical man in India who does not see in these figures the decline of the most extensive of Indian industries, and therefore a loss in the wealth of the nation?''

After considering the economic conditions that must be faced to recover the lost position, this speaker in his turn discusses the *Swadeshi* movement as follows:

''And now, at the commencement of the twentieth century, we are more resolved than ever not to be beaten in this industrial race. I see in the faces of those who fill this hall today a strong determination that—God helping—we will work out our salvation by our own hands. Men educated in English schools and colleges in India, men trained in the universities of Cambridge and Oxford, have come to share this noble work with practical manufacturers and traders in India. And today there is a desire, which is spreading all over India, that by every legitimate means, by every lawful endeavor, we will foster and stimulate the use of our own manufactures among the vast millions who fill this great continent.

''Gentlemen, I am drifting into a subject which has raised much angry discussion when I speak of the *Swadeshi* movement, and yet I would not be fulfilling the duty which you have imposed upon me today if I passed silently over that subject which is in every man's thoughts. I speak in the presence of some men who are among the leaders of this movement in Bengal, and I speak from personal knowledge when I say that these leaders have tried their very utmost to conduct this movement lawfully and peacefully to the best interests of the people and of the government. If there have been any isolated instances of disturbance here and there, we deprecate such acts. On the other hand, if the government have in needless panic been betrayed into measures of unwise repression, we deplore such measures. But neither the rare instances of disturbance nor the unwise measures of repression are a part and parcel of the *Swadeshi* scheme. The essence of the scheme, as I understand it, is by every lawful method to encourage and foster home industries and to stimulate the use of home manufactures among all classes of people in India. Gentlemen, I sympathize with this movement with all my heart and will co-operate with this movement with all my power.

''Gentlemen, the *Swadeshi* movement is one which all nations on earth are seeking to adopt in the present day. Mr. Chamberlain is seeking to adopt it by a system of protection. Mr. Balfour seeks to adopt it by a scheme of retaliation. France, Germany, the United States and all the British colonies adopt it by building up a wall of prohibitive duties. We have no control over our fiscal legislation and we adopt the *Swadeshi* scheme therefore from a laudable resolution to use our home manufactures as far as possible in preference to foreign manufactures. I see nothing that is sinful, nothing that is hurtful, in this. I see much that is praiseworthy and much that is beneficial. It will certainly foster and encourage our industries, in which the Indian government has always professed the greatest interest. It will relieve millions of weavers and other artisans from a state of semi-starvation in which they have lived, will bring them back to their hand-loom and other industries, and will minimize the terrible effects of famines which the government have always endeavored to relieve to the best of their power. It will give a new impetus to our manufactures, which need such impetus, and it will see us in the near future largely dependent on articles of daily use prepared at home, rather than articles imported from abroad. In one word, it will give a new life to our industrial enterprises, and there is nothing which the people of India and the government of India desire more earnestly than to see the Indian industries flourish and the industrial classes prosper.

''Therefore I sincerely trust that the *Swadeshi* movement will live and extend to every province and every village in India. There should be associations formed in every district to extend and perpetuate this movement and to stimulate the use of country-made cloth and country-made articles, not only in towns, but in rural villages. Such associations should peacefully and quietly extend their operations from year to year, disregarding the jeers of their critics and bearing the wrath of their opponents. Spasmodic and hysterical exhibitions should be avoided, for as a great English writer remarks, strength consists not in spasms, but in the stout bearing of burdens. Mindful of great work we have to perform, we should work with the calm consciousness of doing our duty towards our countrymen. If we succeed in this noble endeavor we shall present to the world an instance unparalleled in the history of modern times, of a nation protecting its manufactures without protective duties. If we fail in this great endeavor and prove ourselves false to the resolutions we have formed and professed, then we shall deserve to remain in that state of industrial serfdom to nations from which we are striving to be free.''

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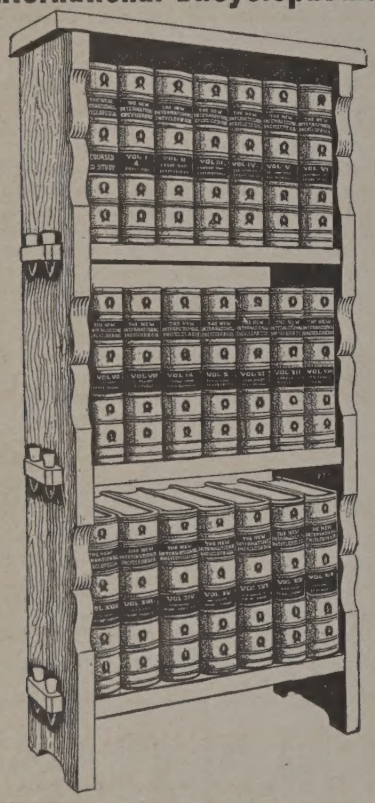

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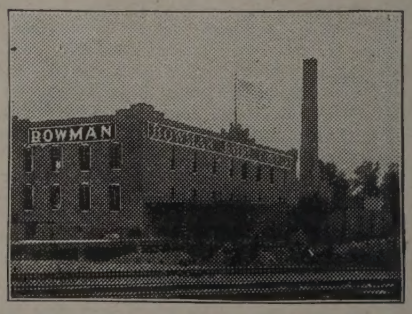

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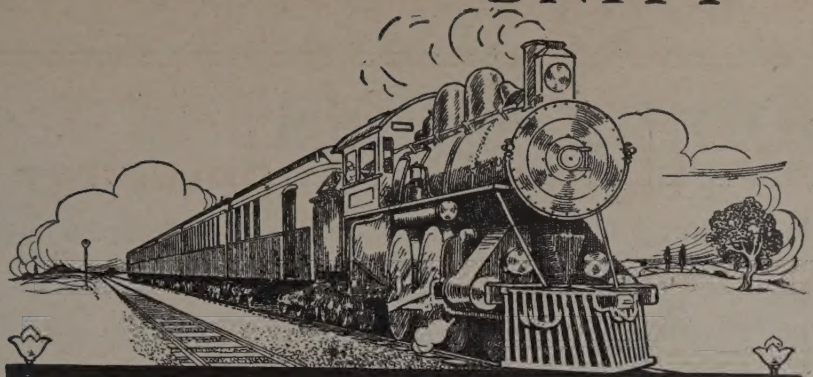

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